

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Bears the Signature of

*Charles H. Fletcher*  
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In Use For Over 30 Years.

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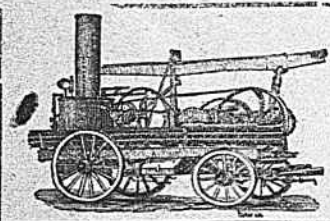
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**NOT COVERED.**  
The fire insurance policy on a building does not cover loss on "awnings," "sidewalks," "signs," "store or office furniture or fixtures," and if the insured wants pay for loss on these items, he must say so when the policy is written, or forever after hold his peace.

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You'll like it. Others do. Hall's ice cream. x Hot plates, oil stoves, ice cream freezers, garden hose, lawn sprinklers, water coolers, screen doors and windows, are some of the summer necessities to be found at J. L. Hall's Hardware Store. x

I have some fine lots in Morrow Place yet. H. H. Lanham. x

Decorative palms, 5 leaf, 35c. Coal City House Furnishing Co. x

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

**From Belle to Pauper.**  
Early risers passing by the Rue de la Chine in La Vilette, that home of misery, often met a bent, shriveled, white haired old woman carrying a basket on her back and in her hand a stick with an iron point to it.  
With the stick she searched the rubbish heaps deposited by householders for the scavengers to carry away. She prodded and scrutinized her way along the silent streets, turning over an old shoe here, a bit of rag there or cigar stump or rusty nail and tossing her treasure into her basket. The sad faced old woman took notice of no one.  
But the people of the quarter and of localities more fashionable knew that "the mother of the chiffoniers," otherwise ragpickers, had seen better days.  
Mme. Andre had once a "de" to her name. Her visiting cards had once borne her family crest. She had figured at the court of Napoleon III, and the Empress Eugenie, and there waited with the best of them. In her garret in the Rue de la Chine Mme. Andre hoarded the wreck of her fortune, about £500. It was hidden in her mattress.  
Returning home the other day from her customary rounds, Mme. Andre found the mattress torn open and her money gone. A few hours later her next door neighbors found her hanging by a cord dead.—Paris Correspondence.

**Obedient Instructions.**  
Courtney is having his annual experience with freshmen candidates for the crews. When he gives an order to a new man the new man usually obeys literally, such is the respect with which the coach is treated. This came near ruining a shell. Courtney had sent out an eight with a freshman cockswain, and, being obliged to look after another crew for a few minutes, he said to "cocks":  
"Try not to steer in a circle for a change. See that red spot down on the bank there? Well, steer straight for that." With which he turned to his other charges.  
A howl from some of the oarsmen turned him around in time to see "cocks" trying to tunnel into the inlet bank with the prow of his shell.  
"I thought I told you to steer straight for that red spot," remarked Courtney sarcastically when he came up in the launch.  
"—I did," gasped the cockswain. Courtney looked at the boat and then looked at the red spot. Just then the spot tumbled up its horns and moved to better grazing ground. It was a red cow, and the freshman had been zealously swerving his boat around as the cow had moved up and down the pasture.—Philadelphia Ledger.

**Here's a Conjecture.**  
A very strange incident occurred at the Central High school building in Webster, Ia., recently. Every clock in the building stopped at exactly 8 o'clock in the morning. It was the day of the eruption on the island of Java, and the time the clocks stopped was within a very few seconds of the time that the eruption occurred, which covered a village and killed several hundred people. The phenomenon is unexplained except that it was very likely due to some sympathetic electrical disturbance in the zone in which the high school building stands. Of course it may have been a very strange coincidence, and yet this explanation hardly explains it satisfactorily. The phenomenon at the high school building was first noticed on the second floor of the building. Every clock had stopped at just 8 o'clock. Investigation showed that the clocks on both the other floors had also stopped at the same hour. In the kindergarten building, just south of the high school building, all the clocks were going as usual, nothing having interfered with their movements.—Springfield (Ill.) News.

**Affinity of Meteorites For Mountains.**  
A total of 634 meteorites was known up to 1903, of which there were 182 irons and only 74 stones in the western hemisphere and 299 stones and only 79 irons in the eastern hemisphere. The records show only the fall of 250 of these meteorites, dating back to the fifteenth century. Professor Berwerth of Vienna, despite this small number of known specimens, calculates that 900 meteorites must fall to the earth each year, not counting shooting stars that disappear in the atmosphere, and that fifty-five of these at least should come under observation. Professor Berwerth finds that meteorites have been chiefly recorded in civilized countries, but that in many instances they are more numerous in thinly settled districts and that they have an especial affinity for mountainous areas.—Philadelphia Record.

**A Lake Postoffice.**  
In Lake Wabigoon, Ontario, at a point where the water is not very deep, a strong wooden stake has been driven into the ground. On the top of a box has been securely fastened, and there you have the Lake Wabigoon postoffice. The little steamer from Rat Portage drops the mail here on its outward voyage, and a canoe goes out from the shore and collects it, depositing the outgoing mail at the same time, which is picked up by the steamer on its return trip to Rat Portage next day.

**Too Free With Knives.**  
Sir Frederick Treves, the eminent English surgeon, recently delivered an address in which he took the view that the knife is used too hastily in many cases of appendicitis. There are opposing schools of surgery all over the world in this generation. One is rarely willing to wait and often cuts in a hurry. The other holds to the view that nature ought to have a liberal chance to do her best. In the long run the conservative surgeons may possibly come out ahead.

Decorative palms, 5 leaf, 35c. Coal City House Furnishing Co. x

## LAKE CICOTT.

**The Secret of Its Rise and Fall Is a Deep Mystery.**  
Lake Cicott has been an interesting phenomenon to the people of northern Indiana for many years, but the secret of its rise and fall has never been discovered. It is the only lake in Cass county and is about one mile wide and about one mile long. The water is clear and cold and perfectly fresh. Its most mysterious characteristic is the fact that it overflows its banks every seventh year. The farmers who own the land upon its banks have become so used to this that they never attempt to cultivate the land in the seventh year, but give it up without protest, as they know it is sure to be claimed by the waters.  
The Pottawatomie Indians, who inhabited what is now Cass and adjoining counties, were familiar with the characteristic of the lake. They believed that the bottom was inhabited by a powerful spirit, which at intervals of seven years caused the lake to overflow. They construed this action as approval of the tribe by the spirit and watched anxiously for the time to come, for they saw in the rising waters a sure indication that they had done nothing to displease it. The early white settlers became acquainted with the legend, and the oldest inhabitant is not able to recall a time that the overflow did not take place when expected.—Toledo Blade.

## GLASS MANUFACTURE.

**The Art Goes Back to a Time Beyond the Knowledge of Man.**  
The art of glass manufacture goes back into antiquity to a time "when the mind of man runneth not to the contrary," yet we cannot penetrate the mists which hang over the infancy of what has for ages been a useful industry. Its original discovery is alleged, on the authority of several reputable writers, to have been the result of an accident in which some nitrum (supposed by some to have been salt) was fused with sand. The date of this event is not even approximately given, but is said to have taken place on the banks of the Belus, in Palestine, where some mariners had landed and were cooking their meals, using blocks of nitrum to hold their pots in position.  
Sir Gardner Wilkinson gives a cut of a piece of Egyptian sculpture work which represents two glassblowers plying their art in a manner which strikes one as being surprisingly like that practiced at the present time. Sir Gardner informs us that this sculpture was executed about 3,500 years ago during the reign of Beni Hassan. The ben paintings and sculptures which are known to date back to the time of the exodus, 1400 B. C., show glass drinking vessels of delicate patterns and fine workmanship, in some instances rivaling similar vessels of modern make.

## A PALACE OF ICE.

**Cavern in Hungary That Is One of the Marvels of Europe.**

The ice cavern near Dobschau, Hungary, is one of the most remarkable but least known marvels of Europe. Though spoken of as a cavern, in reality it is an ice palace, the roof, floor and walls being of ice, sometimes opaque, sometimes as diaphanous as glass. The frozen water assumes many quaint and beautiful forms. Pillars, vases, grottoes, couches and waterfalls meet the eye at every turn.

Herr Ruffiny has the honor of being its discoverer. One day while shooting among the hills he was startled by the peculiar echo of his gun, an echo which suggested the near presence of a vast cavity or hollow. After a long search he was rewarded by finding a small aperture in the hillside overgrown by bushes and trees. The next day he returned, accompanied by two friends, who lowered him by ropes into the space. As he swung into the darkness a bitter cold, which increased as he descended, was felt.  
At last he felt his feet touch the ground, and, looking around him, he found himself in a vast hall which he could but dimly see. The ice palace was discovered.

## Falconry in Turkestan.

In a remote part of Turkestan Dr. Sven Hedin, the explorer, some years ago discovered the ancient art of falconry in full flower. "Among the horsemen were eight falconers," he writes, "two of whom carried eagles, the others falcons, all duly hooded. In this part of the world falconers form an indispensable adjunct in any formal parade or procession. Later in the day they gave us an exhibition of their birds' powers by letting them kill four hares and a deer, all of which were presented to me."

## Trying It on the Dog.

North—You never seem to be impatient when somebody recommends something for your cold. West—Oh, no. I just repeat it to somebody else for trial upon himself. If it helps him, I shall know there's something in it. If it doesn't, it can't have any bad effect upon me, you know.—Boston Transcript.

## Her Status Explained.

Bobby is a little Germantown boy who is a seeker after the wherefore of things. Some days since he was questioning his father as to the nature of a weapon.  
"A weapon, my son," explained his father, "is something to fight with."  
"Is ma your weapon, pa?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## The Center of the Party.

Jimmy—Pa, what's a "auspices"? Pa—Jimmy, when gran'pa and your ma and your Aunt Jane and I all take you to the circus we go under your auspices.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

It's so easy to say—Hall's ice cream. x

**A Trick that Made a Name.**  
The following story of a trick that was told me by the person to whom it was told by the late Lord Lytton, give it in my own words for the excellent though humiliating reason that I have mislaid the manuscript.  
When in India Lord Lytton often sought out conjurers, but never saw any but the usual feats, such as the mango tree trick and the basket trick. The method in each case is known, or at all events plausible explanations have been given by Mr. Maskelyne and other experts. On one occasion Lord Lytton liked something in the looks of the conjurer who was performing in an open space before his house. After the ordinary exhibition his lordship asked the magician if he could not do something more out of the common way. The man said he would try and asked for a ring, which Lord Lytton gave him. He then requested an officer to take in either hand a handful of seeds. One sort was sesame. The name of the other sort my informant did not know. Holding these seeds and having the ring between his finger and thumb, the officer was to go to a well in the corner of the compound. He was to deposit the seeds in a certain way—I think on the low wall round the well, into the depth of which he was to throw the ring. All this was done, and then the magician asked Lord Lytton where he would like the ring to reappear. He answered, "In my dispatch box," of which the key was attached to his watch chain, or at all events, he had it with him on the spot. The dispatch box was brought out. Lord Lytton opened it, and there was the ring.

This trick would be easy if the British officer was a confederate of the juggler and if he possessed a duplicate key to the dispatch box. In that case he would not throw the ring into the well, but would take it into the house, open the box and insert the ring. But this explanation involves enormous improbabilities, while it is unlikely again that the conjurer managed to insert a duplicate ring into the dispatch box beforehand. Lord Lytton then asked the juggler if he could repeat the trick. He answered in the affirmative, and a lady lent another ring. Another officer took it, with the seeds, as before, and dropped the ring into the well. The countenance of the juggler altered in the pause which followed. Something, he said, had gone wrong, and he seemed agitated. Turning to the second officer, he said, "Did you arrange the seeds as I bade you?" "No," said the officer. "I thought that was nonsense, and I threw them away." The juggler seemed horrified. "Do you think I do this by myself?" he said, and, packing up, he departed.  
The well was carefully dragged, and at last the lady's ring was brought to the surface. That ring at least had certainly been in the water. But had the first ring been as faithfully consigned to the depths? Experts will be of various opinions as to that, yet the hypothesis of confederacy and of a duplicate key to the dispatch box is difficult.—Longman's Magazine.

## To Annoy Napoleon.

A curious anecdote is illustrative of the disposition of Talleyrand. It was resolved that each of the allied powers should designate a commissioner charged with the surveillance of Napoleon at St. Helena.  
Talleyrand proposed to the king for this office M. de Montchenu, described as "an insupportable babbling, a complete nonentity." On being asked why he had selected this man, Talleyrand replied: "It is the only revenge which I wish to take for his treatment of me. However, it is terrible. What a punishment for a man of Bonaparte's stamp to be obliged to live with an ignorant and pedantic chatterer! I know him. He will not be able to support this annoyance. It will make him ill, and he will die of it by slow degrees."

**Possibilities of Translation.**  
An English writer made an experiment recently of the gain and loss of translation.  
I heard that L. would write my "life." When I gave up my breath: I felt that this indeed would add a new delight to death.

This was translated into another language, then from that into another, and so on until a dozen versions had been made. Of course there was a different translator each time. The last version read as follows:  
Dear, in my song you still shall live. Though under earth you lie, Ah, had you now that grace to give I should not need to die!  
—New York Tribune.

**People Who Do Not Whistle.**  
Arabia must be a heaven for those whose lives are made a burden to them by the whistler. The Arab maintains that a whistler's mouth cannot be purified for forty days and nights, and they assert of the whistler that Satan has touched his body and caused him to produce the offensive sound. Then there are the natives of the Tonga islands, Polynesia, who hold that it is a sin to whistle, as it is an act disrespectful to God. Even in some districts in north Germany villagers declare that if one whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep.

**Woman's Unhappy Lot.**  
Since the world began it has been the custom of man to hold woman responsible for all his misfortunes and at the same time to accuse her of absolute irresponsibility.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**Down, Not Up.**  
"Did any one call me up while I was out?" asked the butcher.  
"No," replied the boy, "but a customer whose meat for dinner hadn't arrived called you down."—Herald.

**Ask for M.**  
In Fairmont.

THE AMOUNT  
SUNDAY WA  
THE AMOUNT  
FINE \$5.50.

John Russo, the Madison street fruit dealer, sold a bottle of pop Sunday, and acknowledged the charge before Mayor Kinsey this morning, and was fined \$5.50.

The Manley Hotel people have been notified several times to desist from the practice of washing the street in front with hose. The Chief caught them disregarding his warning yesterday and notified the man using the hose to appear at police court. He was dismissed by His Honor.

## B. & O. OFFICIALS RETURN

Pleased With Inspection Of the Western Lines.

BALTIMORE, Md., June 27.—The officials of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad who made a second inspection trip over part of the system during the past week returned to Baltimore Saturday morning and were soon hard at work at their desks on accumulated business. Thursday was spent in looking over the terminals of the road at Pittsburg and the extensive improvements that have been made there and near by. The large yards at Duffer, with a capacity of 700 cars, are practically completed and cost about \$250,000. They are to be used as storage yards for crude products going into the large steel and other manufacturing plants in Pittsburg and the manufactured articles being shipped out to relieve the congestion of the Pittsburg yards.

The remainder of the time on the trip was devoted to inspecting the lines of the system and terminals in and around Clarksburg, Grafton and Fairmont and other places in West Virginia.

At Clarksburg the officials were given a banquet by the citizens Friday evening. It was gotten up by the Board of Trade and impressed the railroad officers that the town is very enterprising. It has an industrial company to secure new industries, with the result that the population has multiplied and it is called the Pittsburg of West Virginia. The people want to show that they are up and doing and the Baltimore and Ohio officers are convinced of this fact and were pleased with what they saw.

President Murray said that he was very much gratified with the conditions of the property inspected. With him in the party were First Vice President Randolph, Third Vice President Potter, General Manager Sims, General Superintendent Fitzgerald, Chief Engineer Corothers, Treasurer McNeal, Real Estate Agent McCubbin and Industrial Agent Wood.

## Filed of His Duty.

A young fellow whose home is presumably at Rivesville, took a seat in the rear end of the smoker on the train which left Fairmont at 9:05 P. M., Sunday for Morgantown, and until he reached Rivesville kept up a flow of vile language that would have made a Malay pirate turn pale with shame.

This young tough appeared to be about 22 years of age, and drank a part of one bottle of beer while in the car. When the train stopped and while the door of the ladies' coach was open, this idiot let out a torrent of oaths that entitled him to a good thrashing at the hands of the brakeman, who failed of his duty in not giving it to him.—Morgantown Post.

So say we, all of us.

## NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at a stockholders' meeting of the "Big Falls Coal Company," a corporation created under the laws of the State of West Virginia, to be held at the office of the company in the City of Fairmont, State of West Virginia, on the 30th day of July, 1904, a resolution will be offered, increasing the number of shares of stock of said company from 250 shares of the par value of \$100.00, to 500 shares of the par value of \$100.00.

GEO. D. GRANNIS,  
JAMES A. TODD,  
Stockholders.

Dated June 27, 1904.

Mr. Curtis Newcomer, Mrs. McMullan, and been the guest of E. McMullan, left for...